the tencher's keen eyes.

Miss Wayland had some artistic skill,

using his name, or at the caricature of his stumpy figure, which was quite per-fect, with the checkered suit and even

This time she rapidly sketched a street

When is a white man black?

"When he is a Co(a)leman."

There was an irresistible likeness

cont driver's large head, with its close

A SCHOOL STORY **຺ຑຘຨຓຎຎຎຎຎຎຎຎຎຎຎຎຎຎຎຎຎຎຎຎຎຎຎຎຎຎຎ** 

By INDA BATON HAYS

the district school house of Avon. "I hope you will like the place, Miss;

some improvements have been added." "Indeed, I do," said Bila Wayland, the ling. She drew quickly two figures upon new teacher, 'It's far better than may the blackboard. One was a very stout, just school house, and I shall try to keep elderly man, whose broad face was well known in the community; the other was

there's one that I think you ought to know about before you begin. He's Tilliam Coleman's son, Mann Coleman's one of the older boys, ar' while he's not to say out-an-out wheed, of all the misself the says the s say out-an-out wicked, of lever know, chievous, troublesome chaps I ever know, chievous, troublesome chaps I ever know, chievous, the heaten'est. The last teacher we have the beaten'est, and as ever I

Thank you for telling me, Mr. Howle. "Thank you for telling me, Mr. 10vic.
Forewarned is "forearmed, you know,"
"Yes"m. I've a notion that if the right
one gets hold of Mann Coleman, he'd
make a scholar to be proud of, and I've
sore of a sense that you could do it."
"At least I am not afraid to try," Miss

"At least I am not afraid to try," Miss
Ella hopefully responded.

School opened bright with a day of September sunshine, and as Miss Ella glanced at her pupils from face to face liberation brightness seemed reflected. These children, she decided, were of unusually thrifty, law-abiding parents.

This was true. The district was one of productive farms, and the seed of a now free library had fallen upon good mental ground.

School opened bright with a day of September 2018 with a square, two-wheeled cart farwing the local by a long, bony horse. The diviron setting high up in front, with a shovel conspicuously stuck in the wagon by his side.

Her question and answer she wrote above as before:

When is a white man black?

"There was an irrestible likeness in the mental ground."

Everything went off so well with the morning classes that Miss Ella doubled there had been any need of a warning—general or individual, but toward the close of the afternoon session, she heard a faint giggle and saw Mann Coleman intent upon something behind his desk lid. He lifted a very red face at her glance, and another smothered giggle ran ground the class.

As she stood at the blackboard a few minutes later, a steathy trend crossed

As she stood at the blackboard a few minutes later, a stealthy trend crossed the room and she turned to see Main tip-tooing softly back to his seat. She made no comment upon this, but concluded to wait and watch.

As the hours ffor closing came, she spoke a few cheerful words about the term which they had just entered, and hoped that tile children would be obedient. loyal pupils and co-workers with her for the honor and good name of the shoot until it ended. Then she turned to "ring school out."

The bell was a pretty, nickel-plated affair, presented by Mr. Howic, and sho rang in the usual way.

There was not a sound. She tried again with the same result. Then she said with the same result. Then she said with the same result. Then she said with great good humos:

"I, was about to dismiss school, but forme one has broken our bell, and I shall be obliged to keep on. The dictionary class can learn two columns with the definitions; the geography class may study map questions for to-morrow. Any scholar who wishes examples explained, I shall be glad to assist."

A sturdy, round faced boy, who had already shown in several little ways that he meant to champion the new teacher, held up his hand.

"I have an example here," he said. "I have an example here," he said.

toward him a state on which was boldly ing.

The weather, made a fire necessary, m

Its that bell?

Miss Ella cheerfully consented, Cer-dalnly, Mann; I shall be glad to have you do so—and so, deshitless will your scrool-

and vigorous chopping was soon heard. When he returned, the log was not only

and vigorous chopping was soon heard.
When he returned, the log was not only cut, but split as well.
Somehow, Miss Wayland felt that many further attempts upon the order of her school would not be made; and as they were leaving after school that evening, she called to Mann;
"Would you mind walking with me, Mann, and looking at a chair I have been trying to mend? I think you are clever with tools."

Mann replied with readiness: "I would like to very much. There is nothing pleases me so well as repairing anything. What kind of a chair is it?"

"Just a comfortable old reclining chair. But the back lets me down and the footrest is broken. I need it when I am tired."

"Why, Miss Wayland; I did not think you were ever tired."

"Why, Miss Wayland; I did not think you were ever tired."

"I am, indeed. Often I am very tired, and mostly so when things get out of joint, as it were. I know, Mann, you can understand what I mean, for you love the use of tools. You know, my boy, you are each to me like one of a set of fine tools made by Ged. These are your talents; some for one, some for another. They are bhinted when you use them roughly, and it makes me very, very tired when you throw them away—or let them go to rust."

An carnest, intelligent look came over Mann's really fine face, and he spoke with a sort of hesitation.

"There's things you know—that makes one think it is not worth while—to—to—keep the tools bright or to care for anything very much—"

"Well, being ugly, for one thing. You look how large my head is—and how small I am—and my red hair. At home they call me 'carriet-top' sometimes; and then they don't care—just as long as I keep out of the way, you know; that's all they want—some of them. Oh, you couldn't know, being a lady like you!"

"Yes I can, Now, let me tell you, Mann, that I—even I," she smilled, "had

The trustee was showing Miss Wayland | man's face, and the look did not escape | that; and how all the real blassings of life could be mine for the getting, if I

"But you are not ugly, Miss Elin," the boy exclaimed, with such a genuine accent that her heart was touched. 'Oh, well, beauty is but skin deep

ugly to the bone, you know. We shall last perhaps, you and I, when the fairer flowers and faces are gone. And I have not these protty curls, either," she added with a light touch on his soft, red hair. When they reached her house, it did her good to see Mann go to work, and

as he worked she sat by and talked.
She emouraged him to increase his
health and strength by work and constant exercise in the open and awork with a purpose to the ond—tenching him that this was the kind of work that fed the body and the mind.

"You will grow taller," she said, with her gentie little laugh. "And your head will not be any too large. You learn

her gentie little laugh. "And your head will not be any too large. You learn aupidly, and a good head is needed to put it all in."

that way," he said, wistfully.
"Woll, I have something to propose now that is very practical. I am anxious to brush up my shorthand and type-writing. I may go into an office after this school term, and I should like to form a winter evening class of you and Tommie Bigger and Henry Taylor, if you will study with them; and I am asking you first. Will you do it?"
"Yes, I will, and gladly. Say, I'd do considerably more than that for any one who has talked to me as you have, Miss Ella. Oh, what an awtul 'smarty' I've been since you came; I wonder you cam

been since you came; I wonder you can

cond driver's large head, with its close curling rings of hair, and the roat of laughter which greeted the chalk image was louder than either of the other pletures had received.

Miss Wayland rubbed out her work of art immediately and said!

"Now you see how silly and simple this kind of wit is. I do not like it. I wish you all to remember that it is not only casy, but contemptible." In a low, quiet voice, she concluded: "Fun is never good sport at the expense of any one's feel-The chair was finished and found to be all right. Miss. Wayland threw herself back with an exquisite sease of relief, Mann could not stay serious very long. "You'll have aquiewbre, to rest now, Miss Ella, when I make, you' thred—in either way," he saids with a mischievous twinkle in his giray eyes."

Miss Wayland felt happy enough to

be very lement to the little bit of slang, and they laughed together.
"I do not think I shall be tired any more that way, Mann," she answered And he had the last word with a proud

In Hollywood Cemetery. (In Hollywood are buried Madison, Mon roc and Jefferson Davis, John Randolph of Rosnoke, Geheral J. D. E. Staart Matthew F. Maury and many other illus-trious men.)

of her deathless fame; men who braved the deep Of hardship faceforward to the storms

that sweep With black-winged fury 'gainst human

Dream-watch o'er the vast republic. And

the free Strong Hector of the South, and that well known seer. The brave pathfinder of the wind and

wist ye not their message? Then one Yo faint-souled tollers of the long-life

Virginia.

O, how I love the magic name— Virginial—(17.5 %) (17.5 %) A name synonymous with fame— Virginial—(18.6 %)

Virginia!
O, how I love thy mountains blue—
Virginia!
Thy happy homes and hearts so true—
Virginia!
Thy broad, green fields and sun-kissed

much too long, so please put that in the and push it in as it burns; I want to get it off my mind."

Mann took the seat indicated, but it was not only the fire which turned his face scarlet. He squirmed about awhile, and finally suggested:

"Miss Wayland, if you'd let me take that log out to the block, I could chop it in halves in a minute. May I?"

"Yes," said Miss Ella, without surprise. "It will be safer."

Thy broad, green fields and sun-kiss trees, the broad, green fields and sun-kiss trees, the same support trees, the same shows and busy boes, Thy winter snows and summer breeze—Virginia!

O, may no evil cer betide Virginia!

O, may no evil cer betide Virginia!

O, may ho evil cer betide Virginia!

O, may thy honor's shield be bright.

Thy lower and sun-kiss trees, Thy birds and flowers and busy boes, Thy winter snows and summer breeze—Virginia!

O, may no evil cer betide Virginia!

O, may thy honor's shield be bright.

Thy lamp of truth fore'er alight.

Thy lower and sun-kiss trees, Thy birds and flowers and busy boes, Thy winter snows and busy boes, Thy birds and flowers and summer breeze—Thy birds and flowers and busy boes, Thy birds and flowers and summer bre

ELLA MUNDY Almost Zero.

She went to the bin
And just looked in
To see how much coal was there,
But to her dismay
On a freezing day.
She found, that the bin was bare.

The benutiful snow
Helped the conl to go
Up the fue in curls of smoke;
So with dollars few
She bought something new,
And now she is burning coke.

She would not use oil
In her daily toll,
Although it keeps stoves from rust;
She's made up her mind
That something she'll find
That's not controlled by a trust,

It looks like a duel

Between kinds of fuel,
In days that are coming to pass;
So now she burns wood,
Be it understood,
While walting for EIGHTY-CENT GAS,
THE PARSON.

Centennial Notes.

Canada will be represented at the Lewis and Clark Exposition by an extensive exhibit and will erect a handsome pavillon. It is expected that the Minnesota build-ing at St. Louis will be taken apart and moved to Portland for the Centenial.

One of the most complete exhibits of the mines of the western part of the United States ever grouped together will be shown in working order at the 1965 Centennial at Portland.

One million giant cones are being gathered by Indians in the fir forests of Oregon and will be given out at the Porestry Building as free souvenirs of the Lewis and Clark Centennial. Japanese participation in the Lewis and Clark Centenniai will be greater than in the St. Louis World's Pair. The total value of its exhibits at Portland will be in the neighborhood of \$2,000,000.

Ella said quiety:

"It is easy to make a joke of this kind.
It will not take long, and I think you will
find it interesting—let me give you an
flustration; there are two names in my
mind that I think will answer, and with a
cloth Miss Ella quickly effaced the goat
flustration. Thought, homeler than my
and the sheep.

"Now," she said, "with your permisyou, Thomas Bigger, I will use your
pame first."

A look of relief came over Mann Cole-

A DIP FROM THE STREAM.

**\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*** 

Original, Requested and Selected Poems, Appropriate to the Season.

A Christmas Dawn.

Tis Christmas eve, sweat Christmas eve. and in the streets and slicys; And far away on hill top gray, and in the somber valleys.

And on the Boa, so wide and free, where or mania suick wenturos! In every olime, the sacred time all sordid

o'er the shant city.
No bies strife of struggling life, nor tippler's noisy ditty.
In darkness doep, a world asleep awaits the tardy dawning.
Unmindful quite how goes the night so't break on Christmas morning.

In hovel drear and old and bare, no wintry

breath denying,

While night slow drags, on couch of rags,

a mother's babe is lying.

Long hours of light, from morn till night,

and many since the gloaming.

With patience beautiful and true, its

waited mother's coming.

should come with life's beginning, And o'er the soul in surges roll, of sorrow of of simpling!

Happy his fate, who, when the gate of life is entrance kiving.

May backward turn, existence spurs, and 'scape the task of living.

voice of doom steals through the gibon to chill the child's sweet trustgloom to chill the child's sweet trus-ing, But love lights all her lamps to call back Hope furth and the fampe to call back faith from doubt's outbursting;
Hope furths more bright all in the night its darkest curtain lowers.
And round the head of the dear one dead a heavenly hale pours.

Beneath the slow and steady flow of the Beneath the slow and steady now of the rive cardy stealing.

In somber rest its ley breast the secret dread contesting, with douth-dimmed eyes the mother less her pallid features gleaning.

Freed from the feature and grief and tears of life that knew no seeming.

Around the bed, with fest of lead, the lagging hours still glided;
But once the child) in accents mild, the loved one's absence childed.
Worn out at last, by cold and fast, its gente head descended.
And soon its dreams with golden gleams of angel mother's blended.

Night's banner furied, the working world uprose to half the dawning.
With merry chimic or the happy time of blessed Christmas morning.
The child remained in slumber chained, for unto it was given.
To half the dawn or Christmas morn in the Saviouria, arms in heaven.

A Christmas Greeting. One who loves you herowth sends Christmas greething to my friend, with her fancy she designed it. The fancy she fact of wishes sticohed she in it. Hall a hundred to the minutes; Toye and hepprings garces; Fore and hepprings garces; Fore and hepprings garces; Merry Christmite, the fancy of the fancy o

The Noble York. prowe comoco" ewas Powhatan's fa-abode. Here Pocahomis was born. William Smith locates it "on the side of Yorke fliver. In Gloucester y, nearly opposite the mouth of is Creek."

Queen's Creek."
As on thy sandy shores, O noble river,
83dly I wander to and fre,
83dly I wander to and fre,
Watching thy dancing waves a-quiver,
Dreaming of the days of long ago.

Gone, gone forever are thy Rixl men. Brave Panunkey, gallent Mattaponi, Swiftly o'er thy noble waters sped then Many a band of chiefs in days gone by

Then the pride and glory of thy waters Was not the luspious bivalve or the

Pocahontas! Daughter of this river, When thy body lay on foreign shore, Then thy brave three spirit, all a-quiver Sailed and salled, returning evermore. The Creat Spirit to the happy hunting grounds was bringing. Thy frail spirit bark of peace and love again;
Hark! I hear thy gentle voice low sing-

and thy river murmurs the refrain,
ESTHER JACKSON WIRGMAN,
West Point, Va.

He Will Provide.

"In all thy ways acknowledge Him,"
He will direct and guide;
Believe, love, hope and trust in Him,
God surely will provide."

The darkest hour of sable night.

Is just before bright day;
The angry clouds that threaten now Ero long will roll away.

From dross the gold must be refined.
Though stern may seem the wise decree;
Then let us learn to be resigned.
Clod knows what's best for you and me. Bow humbly, kiss the chastening rod, Whatever may botide; Dispel doubt, fear, "all will be well," God surely will provide.

M. E. G.

Widewater, Stafford Co., Va. E. G. The Old-Time County Court.

The Old-Time County Court.

Of course, the world is moving on to ligher, better things,
And every dricle of the sun a prighter radiance flings;
And our grand old State, Virginia, will never lag belind,
But push alead to base the way for muscles and for mind.
So I wasn't altogether shocked nor very much surprised
When a year or so ago we found our organic laws dovised.
To meet the modern trend o' thought and answer the demand for an elective franchise that would suit to mative land.
Yet, although we're moving smoothly, the' I have no fault to find
With our new organic charter, there are things we left behind
Around which, half in sorrow, my vagrant thoughts disport,
And I grieve sometimes in secret for the old-time County Court.

No sculpture attracts the lone passengers expected the lone passengers of the lone passengers of the spring at fair tribute of flowers shared to stand upon the green and watch fully ile.

ANONYMOUS.

Seventy-thousand square feet of exhibit space has been allotted for foreign exhibits at the Lewis and Clark Exposition and the foreign exhibits will not only consist of the best displays made at the lone passengers of the spring a fair tribute of flowers shared the lone passengers of the spring a fair tribute of flowers shared the lone passengers of the spring a fair tribute of flowers shared the lone passengers of the spring a fair tribute of flowers shared the lone passengers of the spring a fair tribute of flowers shared the lone passengers of the spring a fair tribute of flowers shared the lone passengers of the spring a fair tribute of flowers shared the lone passengers of the spring a fair tribute of flowers shared the lone passengers of the spring a fair tribute of flowers shared the lone passengers of the spring a fair tribute of flowers shared the lone passengers of the spring a fair tribute of flowers shared the lone passengers of the spring a fair tribute of flowers shared the lone passengers of the spring a fair tribute of flowers shared the lone passengers of the spring a fair tribute of flowers shared the lone passengers of the spring a fair tribute of flowers shared the lone passengers of the spring a fair tribute of flowers shared the lone passengers of the spring a fair tribute of flowers shared the lone passengers of the spring a fair tribute of flowers shared the lone passengers of the spring a fair tribute of flowers shared the lone passengers of the spring a fair tribute of flowers have spring a fair tribute of flower

**Жевоооооооооооооооо** 

At the thought that I had ever dreamed of such a thing as guilt. Then the judge would ride occasionally— ob, I tell you, it was sport for a buy who got a chance to tend the old-time County Court.

And then we godal the politics; I tel And then-ye gods the politics; I tell you thus a sight. To see those old-time "stumpers" strip and get right down to "agri." Democrats and Readjusters—they just caused the fur to fly.

With their collars on the judge's stand, their voices shrilling high.

The one just specifier "figers" of the Sinte's, enermois debt.

While the other shouted: Payment! and overy cent, you bet!

And just behind the creaking bar, the struggling, sweating crowd.

Bach yealing for his candidate and whooping long and loud.

And sometimes crowds of isdies up in the gallery sat.

Seems to me, somehow, I still can see the roses in the hat.

Of a girl who clapped when Daniel steered our ship of state to port.

In a thrilling peroration at an old-time County Court.

Yes, the world is moving on, of course, to higher, better things, and day by day the electing sun a brighter radiance flings; er radiance flings; and the grand old mother Commonwealth lags not a foot behind.

In the pathway men are blasing for muscles and for mind, Our, braid new Constitution is a first-class thing, no doubt, It purifies the franchise and corruption puts to rout;

It measures up to modern needs and answers to the call of that rolling Juggernaut, old Time, who clears the way for all.

Yet, God knows, in the springtime and in the autumne prime, I can't help kind o' longing for that lost but well loved time.

With its horse-tradern, rakins and its men of good report, Gathered, grouped and well assorted, tending oid-time County Court.

C. CONWAY BAKER.

men of grouped and well assored Cathered, grouped and well assored tending old-time County Court. C. CONWAY BAKER. The Orphan's Dream.

Bereft of his kindred, Mohance had strayed To a land among strangers, far, far, O'erwhelming misfortune in ruins had Each heart-cheering prospect that once could beguile.

One son, an affectionate darling, mained To soothe las afflictions, his perils to share, But scarce had Mohanoe the foreign shore gained,
When he sunk to the grave, by the stroke of despair.

All cheerless and lone was the orphan how left, No friends to protect, or lighten his wee; Of every dear joy was his bosom bereft And egonized memory hung on hi

Twas night-and the orphan boy sunk to On the tomb of his father the weary one slept; Yet bright were the visions that round him arose,
And he smiled o'er the pillow where
late he had wept.

He thought of those days, when, a strang Through his dear native bowers he had carelessly roved, The music of home sweetly stuck on his The volcar-o voices of those he so dearly had

WHIMS OF THE IDLER.

... SOME GIFT-MAKING PHILOSOPHY ...

Did I find anything nice in my roomy of parsimony—fell to a depth that de-plat home-made yarn sock this morning, change refunded at the cash counter."

Did I find anything nice in my roomy look, box on the green.

Dispensing fragrant apple puffs" such as were never seen such that do not contain the portion of the green.

Dispensing fragrant apple puffs" such as were never seen such that do not cover the seen such that do not cover the green thing wanted—the covered treasure thin has created an insatiable hunger in my beart for twive long months.

Once a month, when everybody came to tend the Courty Court.

And chi I yet remember with what a sense of swe
I first crept into court and there a famous robber saw,

Standing, bobily an the prison dock; the jidge was in the chair:

That etarted where my neck begant and ended in a chill.

That started where my neck begant and ended in a chill.

Right down among my toe nails, while I foll that robber bold.

Then the obter follow started, and I seemed to droop and wilt.

And the thought that I had ever dreamed do not such as the chair to douth a thing as guilt.

And by the object of the work of the placed in her own Lisle thread for particle throught that I had ever dreamed dat the came out the placed in her own Lisle thread for a two two red cents be sold.

Then the object follow started, and I seemed to droop and wilt.

And the thought that I had ever dreamed dat the cash counter the content of the counter of the placed in the counter of the

ing her to death.

Now, of course, there are to-day other rotund stockings, filled with beautiful things. And hugging socks, too, Unghithey don't hold quite so much as stockthat temptation might be divorced from her?
And did either of us expect any gift in return when we respectively made ourselves these presents?
Or, to state the proposition differently, has anybody received any present which gratifies him more than ming does me?
Or more than the Queen Bee's gratifies lief.
Come now honest Injun. Didn't your

by our respective evidences of unsection hees; we have made at least two persons happy.

Other gift-makers, in their frenzied goal, go buccaneering around from shop to shop in their frantic efforts to find something for Tom. Dick and Harry, or Lou, Liz and Sal. Even as they ransack the stores, they stand in the shadow of their own selfishness. They know, while they make their purchases, that they secretly demand reciprocity from Tom. Dick and Harry, or Lou, Liz and Sal.

They realize full well, too, that if something be not forthcoming from the masculine aggregation above referred to, or from the feminine conlingent aforesand, they; the donors, will nurse a fury like unto the sullen wrath of Achilles. Sinter its their purpose, to say the least Nay, worse—downright selfish.

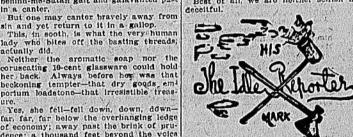
But not so with us. When I bought the present to which reference has been made, the still small voice of prudence pulled victously and tugged, almost unremittingly at my coattalls as it said: "You can't affordylt. The purchase is worse than folly; you'll never get your money back."

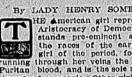
The truest, best tempered axe, may unfurly you'll never get your money back." Nay, worse—downright selfish.

But not so with us. When I bought the present to which reference has been made, the still small voice of prudence pulled victously and tugged, almost unremittingly, at my coattails as it said: "You can't afford it. The purchase is worse than folly; you'll never get your money back."

Yet the voice couldn't keep me down.
And it was the same way with that queen of shoppers, that hoopskirted Nay and the property of the purchase is worse than a special property. The purchase is worse than a floring the property of the purchase is worse than a floring the property of the purchase is worse than a floring the property of the purchase is worse than a floring the property of the purchase is worse than a floring the property of the property of the property of the purchase of extravagance, which counts not spread of extravagance, which counts not provide the counts not provide the counts not provide and spread of extravagance, which counts not extrava

And it was the same way with that queen of shoppers, that hoopskirted Napoleon of finance, the Commander-in-Chief. When her present peeped, like the Eden apple in its paradisale foliage, from the glittering bargain counter, she tightened her economic check rein, held her her economic check rein, he her economic check rein her economic check r are we in the memory of our extra partment. Yes, she took on a get-thee-behind-me-Satan galt and galavanted past





Yes, she fell-fell down, down, down-

tletoe-gemmed land, there isn't a happler twalh than we two. Ours is perfect peace—the satisfaction reflected from ap-

The music of home sweetly stuck on als factors are the two process. The voices of those he so dearly had lie smiled as now to the cottage he (For a sout-intilling cestasy raptured life bosom-loved friends to endrole him flowers. The study of the foreign of the flowers. The flowers are study of the flowers are also flowers and the flowers are study of the flowers and the flowers are study of the flowers and the flowers are study of the flowers and the flowers and

By LADY HENRY SOMERSET.

HE American girl represents the Aristocracy of Democracy. She stands pro-eminent among all the races of the earth as the girl of the period, for she has running through her veins the grand old plurian blood, and is the sois representative of a free people. Other girls of other nations can in no way compare with the hardsome can in no way compare with the barrenament of the property of t ciety it seems to be a real distinction that she is American born. Accustomed to understand her power, the American girl exerts an influence upon English and European life that is irresistible. She is crowned with a certain undefined dignity that is democratic as well as aristocratic, and, if the truth be told, perhaps, the reason why she is so popular is because she is true to herself, an american first and foremost, a democrat and yet an aristocrat.

feet, with the checkered suit and even the Tam O' Shantor cap, button and all. The whole class smiled, one genial, wholesale smile, out loud; and Tommic laughed heartly with the rest. Miss Wayland wiped the board again, saying: "One more, and then we will go to our backer."

mental ground.
Everything went off so well with the

As she stood at the blackboard a few minutes later, a steatthy trend crossed the room and she turned to see Main tip-toeing softly back to his seat. She made no comment upon this, but concluded to wait and watch.

As the hours ffor closing came, she spoke a few cheerful words about the term which they had just entered, and hoped that the children would be obedient.

held un his hand.

"I have an example here," he said, "which I should be glad for you to explain."

He stepped to the blackboard as he spoke and pretty soon he and Miss Eau were deep in his problem.

The children, in sullon silence, tried to study; but they were tred and hungry and evidently felt a keen sense of injustice in paying penalties for someone else's misconduct. Angry looks befan to be cast upon the real culprit, who, flushed and worried, as he could not have been at any open reproof, fidgeted over his welfar.

Mann Coleman was one of a large fanish of children. His parents were plain, laboring people, and, in, his rather rough the art home, his vanity, was constantly being wounded. He was a small boy for his age of fourteen years, and his head, which was grandly shaped and covered with close, red rings of hair, was too of himself mentally was as much above the mark as others opinions were before his book and wondered what he would better do.

written:

"You get us out of this or I'll maul good before school began. One of these logs Mann Coleman arose awkwardly and approached the teacher. A derisive snicker ran around the room as he asked:

"Please, Miss Wayland, may I try to fix that bell?"

Miss Ella cheerfully consented. Cermid services and put in fuel as it is needed? I see that one of the logs is much too long, so please put that in arist.

be said at last:

"If guess it'll ring all right now."

"Thank you," replied Miss Wayland, and promptly "rang school out."

The mischievous ring leader's hold was broken; there was not a straight face as the scholars filed orderly out. Mann Coleman had counted upon the admiration usually accorded to his unruly pranks, and if he had succeeded in vexing the new teacher into a show of temper, he would no doubt have gained it. But for the first time in his school career he was held up to ridicule and scorn, and he grew bitter under it. Above all, the pretty little girl whose satched he carried to and from school last year, and who accepted his offerings of fruit, flowers, and painted pencils, joined merrily in the laughter ugainst him.

This was more than Mann could bear pattently. For several days he went gloomily about, trying to think or some way to "even things up;" and next morning when Etta Kahn, the object of his admiration, swept away his bunch of chrysanthemums with a scoraful toss of her long, black curls, Mann's wrath quickened his imagination.

Friday morning when school opened there was a cartoon on the blackboard, which, roughly drawn as it was, the gehool children recognized at once.

The poture represented a goat and a

which, roughly drawn as it was, the school children recognized at once. school children recognized at once.

The picture represented a goat and a deep. The goat had a girl's face, with a travesty of long curls hanging down each side. It appeared to be butting at a pile of rubbish and held an old the can in its open mouth. Above the picture was printed in letters an inch long: "When did you know a goat from a sheep?"

"When he et-a-can."

This was the answer, and before Miss

"When he et-a-can."

This was the answer, and before Miss of a confused murning, and then a burst of laughter from all the pupils, save only the poor little yletim, who bowed her head upon her desk and wept.

Miss Ella wsited for the commotion to subside, which it soon did as the others saw the effect of the joke upon Etta Kahn. Looking for a moment at the comical picture and barely restraining a smile herself at its absurd resemblance. Miss Ella said quietly:

Herself at its absurd resemblance. Miss Ella said quietly:
"It is easy to make a joke of this kind. It will not take long, and I think you will find it interesting—let me give you an illustration; there are two names in my mind that I think will answer," and with a cloth Miss Ella quickly effaced the goat and the sheep.